

Contributions

HONORIA

Affectionately dedicated to the memory of the late Mrs. Honoria Moomaw, by her brother, Eld. D. C. Moomaw.

Dear, loving, gentle sister, since thou art gone we are so very, very sad, yet we would not call thee back from thy sweet rest—Honoria.

Thy Father's Angel came and kissed thy eyelids down, and put his soft hand on thy heart and now it does not throb—Honoria

Thy loving spouse who left thee years and years ago, is at thy side, and he will never, never leave thee, nevermore—Honoria.

Thy children call thee blessed for thy life of love, for thou didst live and die for them, and turned from them the world's rude blast—Honoria.

Thy friends do grieve so much since thou art gone, for none are left to wear thy robe of gentle, loving service—Honoria.

Thy Church doth weep because they cannot see thy sweet face, since thou hast turned it to the light of God's white throne—Honoria.

There is darkness in our hearts because the chambers where thou dwelt are empty, and the curtains are rung down, and shutters drawn—Honoria.

The music of thy sweet voice is hushed and there are none to wake the sleeping echoes that thrilled us so when thy lips discoursed of a sister's love—Honoria.

Thou dost rest, so gently rest, since life's hard warfare closed, and, softly pillowed on death's throbless breast, await the dawn—Honoria.

Thou wilt come when morning dawns, encrowned with life and joys supernal, for God will bring thee when he comes to claim his child—Honoria.

The angels watch while thou dost sleep and shield thy floral, downy couch from all that hurts or harms, till the last trump shall sound—Honoria.

The grave and death will not refuse to give thee up, for, by thy life of faith and duty wrought, didst conquer both, and crown and scepter they'll open wide their dark portals—Honoria.

Among the ransomed of the Lord, on the bright, vernal shore within the palace of the King with crowns and robes immortal wilt thou dwell henceforth—Honoria.

Till we come to greet thee may we claim thy spirit's loving ministrations and help to save from sin's red battle those thou lovedst so well—Honoria.

MY FAVORITE OLD TESTAMENT CHARACTER

P. J. BROWN

This is a subject selected from a list sent me from the EVANGELIST office and I will try to offer a few thoughts upon the same.

There are many noble characters in the Old Testament. There is Abraham, unfaltering in his faith; there is Daniel, the brave Hebrew captive, a descendent from the royal family of David, calm, serene and faithful to his God thru all the trials he was called to pass. There are Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel, a prophet of the Sacerdotal race, all, with many more who, so far as we can judge, are without a flaw in their life and conduct. But from some inexplicable cause my favorite Old Testament character is Joseph, the son of Jacob and his beloved Rachel. Born in Mesopotamia, B. C. 1747. He is memorable for the wonderful providence of God which raised him from a prison

to be the grand vizier of Egypt and made him the honored means of saving countless human lives. His history is one of the most pleasing and instructive in the Bible. He comes to our view as the noble boy, enduring patiently the unnatural treatment accorded him by his wicked brethren. The chaste young man, resisting with invulnerable steadfastness the enticements of a fascinating woman and suffer uncomplainingly persecution and imprisonment at her hands. We next see him the man of mature judgment, making provisions to meet impending destitution. He at once impresses us as the most apt and complete type of Christ. The selling of Joseph by Juda for twenty pieces of silver had the effect of providing temporal bread for all the people, even as the selling of Jesus by Judas for thirty pieces had the result of bringing the spiritual bread of eternal life to all the people of the world. To behold this lovely image of filial piety and unwavering faith, of discretion and fidelity in all the stations of life and at death he entrusted soul and body alike into the hand of his God, Heb. 11:22, may well lead both young and old to cry out, Oh that the God of Joseph were my God.

Joseph died at the age of one hundred and ten years, B. C. 1637, and when the Israelites a century and a half later went up from Egypt they took his bones and at length buried them in Shechem. Ex. 13:10; Josh. 24:32.

Congress, Ohio.

WHY I GO TO CHURCH

J. L. KIMMEL

Because my Savior taught me to do so by his example. We read that it was the custom of Jesus to go into the synagogue on the Sabbath day and the word implies that he went there to worship.

Because I cannot be a Christian unless I go to church. Jesus says, "If any man would come after me let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me," therefore he has commanded me not only by example but by precept to go to church, for if I do not follow him I cannot be his disciple.

Again the example of the apostles would teach us the necessity of divine service. We find that on that notable day, the day of the resurrection of Christ, when the evening come, the apostles had gathered together for worship and Jesus sanctified the service by his presence and by breathing upon them the Holy Ghost. Thomas did not go that first Sunday night—the reason I have never been able to ascertain. Perhaps his faith was a little slack and he had the blues, perhaps the weather was inclement or perhaps he had some physical infirmity such as a dull headache, at least for some reason he was indisposed. Thomas did not expect Jesus to be there and so he did not go. But when the other disciples told Thomas that they had such a splendid service and that Jesus was there and they all had such a wonderful blessing Thomas could not believe it. And

he declared that it would take a physical demonstration of Christ's presence before he would believe it. The next Sunday, however, Thomas was on hand and to his utter astonishment Jesus was there also. Jesus addressed Thomas in the most pathetic manner and told him to be fully convinced and all the doubts and fears of Thomas were gone and he cried out, "My Lord and my God." If you have any doubts or fears my friend go to church. If you feel discouraged and you think that the burdens of life are too heavy to carry, go to church where you may find Jesus and he will speak peace to you.

We are commanded by the apostles to attend public worship. Paul says, "Not neglecting the assembling of ourselves together as the manner of some is." The Christian church was established for the purpose of worship. "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God and him only shalt thou serve."

I go to church from a sense of gratitude. God has been good to me in ten thousand ways and I go to church to sing his praises and to magnify his name.

I go to church because it makes me better every time I go provided I am sincere and enter into the spirit of worship. Every service has a religious influence over me and makes me stronger and better.

I go because I want to exert an influence for good in the world. If I stay away I will influence others to stay away and that will be a detriment to the cause of Christ and a positive injury to the persons concerned.

And lastly, I go because I can't stay away. I love to go and think it the best place on earth.

I love thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode;
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

I love thy church, O God,
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye
And graven on thy hand.

For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given
Till cares and toils shall end.

WHAT WILL A MAN GIVE IN EXCHANGE FOR HIS SOUL?

B. C. MOOMAW

The newspapers tell of the eager crowds that throng the inhospitable wilds of Alaska in search of golden treasure. Many thousands are living in tents on the bleak shores of Cape Nome, while other thousands traverse the interior, braving every danger, enduring every conceivable hardship, supported by the mere hope, not even a probability, far from the certainty, of finding riches beneath the ages of ice and snow. We ask ourselves the question: Will men and women do as much in order to obtain eternal life? When we ask this question in any of its forms, the most usual reply is, that we will not as a rule do as much, expend as much, risk as much, endure as much, to win ever-